

and whom chance had brought that very

morning to Lourdes. Was not this a per son to be converted with an influence an

publicity to be used? So the doctor had insisted on him taking the second armchair and acted toward him with smiling good nature, giving him a full view, telling him

there was nothing to hide, that all was done

"We are always glad to invite the investi-gation of men of good intentions."

Then as the account of the pretended cur-

of the deaf woman seemed to be very con-fused, he spoke rather harshly to her "Come, come, young woman, this is only the beginning; you must come again," add-

ing in an undertope:

"If one listened, they all say they are cured. But we only accept actual cures, as clear as day. Netice I say cures, and not miracles, for we doctors do not allow ourselves to interpret, we are merely here

to verify that the invalids brought for ex-

He strutted about, taking pleasure in his

own honesty, being neither more silly nor more untruthful than the rest, believing

more untruthful than the rest, believing without real certainty, knowing that the obscure sciences are so full of surprises that what appears impossible is often realized, and in his declining years as a prac-

titioner this situation connected with the grotto was most welcome, even if it pos-

but was on the whole most satisfactory.

At a question from the Parislan journalist he explained his methods. Every invalid on the pligrimage had his papers, among which was almost always a certificate from the doctor who had taken charge of the case, sometimes there were even certificate from the doctor who had taken charge of the case.

cates from several doctors, reports from hospitals, a whole account of the illness. Consequently, if a cure was effected and the

person healed came to the bureau, it was only necessary to refer to his papers and

read the certificates in order to ascertain what had been the maindy, and thus verify

As Pierre sat there he became more calm and able to use his mind again, so he listened. Only the heat bothered him now. Greatly interested in the explications given

by Dr. Banamy, he would gladly have given his opinion had it not been for his cloth. His soutane condemned him to keep in the

background. He was, therefore, much pleased to hear the small blonde man formu-

late objections that seemed at once apparent. Was it not a pity to have one physi-

cian diagnose the case and then another physician to certify to the cure? It might certainly give rise to a continual cause for

error. It would be much better to have a medical commission examine all the inval-

lds as soon as they arrived at Lourdes and

write them out in an official report to be approved by the same commission in each case of healing. But Dr. Bonamy would not allow

this idea, saying, with some degree of jus-tice, that one commission alone would not suffice for such an immense undertaking.

Think of it. Examine 1,000 invalids in a morning! Then all the different theories

and opposite diagnoses would greatly in-crease the uncertainty. Any preliminary examination of the invalids was an utter

impossibility and the cause for mistakes would only be enlarged. In this case it was necessary to hold to the certificates

given by the physicians of each invalid and consider them final. Heaps of papers were opened on one of the tables and the certifi-

written, specified the diseases clearly. Several of the physicians' signatures were even witnessed by the mayor of the town. Yet

a doubt was still felt to be invincible. Who were these doctors? Had they the neces-

sary scientific authority? Had they, per baps, acquiesced under unknown circum

stances or to purely personal interests? One was tempted to make a special inquiry into each case. From the moment that all hung

on the papers brought by the invalid there must needs be a very careful supervision of the documents, for it all amounted to

nothing the moment a severe critic could not establish the absolute certainty of the

facts. Turning very red, Dr. Bonamy got

"That is what we are doing, that is just

what we are doing. As soon as a cure seen

Inexplicable by natural means, we at once in

stitute a minute inquiry, and ask the person who has been healed to return to be ex-

unined again. And you notice that we are surrounded by all the great lights. These

centlemen listening to us are nearly all

hysicians, come here from every part of rance. We beseech them to speak out their

loubts, to discuss any case with us, and a each meeting a detailed official report is made. You hear, gentlemen; protest if any-

thing here offends your ideas of truth."

Not one of the assistants moved. The greater number of doctors present, being

Catholics, bowed, of course. As to the others, the incredulous and purely scientific

they looked interested themselves in certain

henomena, declined through courtesy to ente

nto any discussions, that, anyhow, would

be useless; then went away whenever their manly integrity was too much imposed upon

As no one spoke Dr. Bonamy was trium-bant. When the journalist asked him if

"Absolutely alone; but my functions as

doctor of the grotto are not so complicated, for they merely consist, as I said before, of

erifying the cures when they are made."

Presently he continued, adding with mile, "Ah, I forgot; I have Raboin, w

selps me get things into some kind of

He showed by pointing to a big man of about 40, gray, with a bullet head like that of a dog. He was an exaggerated type of

believer, one who was so exalted that he would not even speak of miracles. He was

not quite happy in consequence in his posi-tion in the Bureau of Verifications, for he

was always in a towering rage if any ondiscussed a cure. The appeal just made to the physician had made him beside himself,

and Doctor Bonamy was forced to appears

Every sincere opinion has a right to be ex-

man whose body was covered with eczema was brought in, so that when he took off his shirt a white powder fell from his skin. He

had not been cured, but reported merely that

countess, alarmingly thin, with a most ex-traordinary history. Originally cured of consumption seven years before by the Holy

Virgin, she had had four children and had again fallen a victim to the same disease, and had now the morphine habit, but was already relieved by her first bath, and ex-

pected that very night to join in the torch-light procession with twenty-seven members of her family brought to Lourdes by her.

Then came a woman afflicted with nervous aphenia, who, after month of absolute speechlessness, had suddenly recovered her

voice when the Holy Sacrament had been carried past at the service of the fourth

"Gentlemen," declared Dr. Bonamy, with the affectation of a savant with very broad ideas, "you know that when it is a question of a nervous disease we do not retain such cases. However, notice that this woman had

been nursed for sie months at Salpetriere. Yet she was obliged to come here to have her tongue set free at once." He felt provoked, however, because he

He felt provoked, however, because he would like to have shown a really fine case

he came each year to Lourdes and we away relieved. Then followed a lady.

"Come, come, Raboin, my friend; be still.

he was the only doctor engaged in this tre mendous work:

and they felt annoyed.

bant.

Many were extremely short.

angry.

by examination if the illness had really dis

essed its bad as well as its good points,

amination before us retain no further traces

"We only ask for enlightenment," he said.

in broad daylight.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS, of the most widely read newspapers in Parls

of a chemist who lived at Needlity and who was killed by an explosion in his laboratory. Pierre's mother, thinking the chemist's death to be a panishment for his scientific researches, dedicated the boy to the priesthood. Living next them were M. de Guersaint, a visionary architect, and his family. Little Marie de Guernaint and Pierre played insether and finally felt in love with each other as they grew up. Then Marie fell off a horse and received an injury which baffled all the dectors and resulted in nearly total paritysts. As she could never be his wife. Pierre continued his studies and became a priest, Meanwhile, after reading his father's books, he had come to doubt some of the teachings of the church. Marie became very religious, and finally Pierre consented to accompany hat on the pilgrimsge to Lourdes. Chapter III.—The suffering in the train is intense when it stops at Poiters. A doctor is found to examine the unknown man, who is supposed to be dying. The doctor proves to be an old friend of Sister Hyacinthe, whom she mursed when he was a poor student. The man is beyond his aid, and a priest with the holy old is sent for.

Chapter IV.—Just as the train starts Sophie Couteau, a young girl, gets in the car, She tells the story of the miraculous care accorded to her diseased foot by simply dipping it in the water at Lourdes. Her tale huoys up the faith of the pilgrims, who are now all sure of being cured. Chapter V.—The Albe reads aloud a book giving the history of Bernadette, the girl who saw the vision in the grotto. It was on February II, 1858, that Bernadette, a shecherless, was sent and to gather wood. It was ten she, by accident, strolled into the grotto. The early history if the girl was also given showing the tenlency of her mind toward relations subjects. The Albe also gives his version of the stery, assed on the externive researches he him made. Second Day, Chapter I.—The hospital train arrives in Lourdes. Recepton and care of the affected detailed.

Chapter II.—The procession to the grotto is or

Chapter II.—The procession to the great of the armed after a brief rest in the great hospital. bright, cloudless August morning reflects the soyant anticipations of the afflicted, who manist almost superhuman strength on the fest almost superhuman strength on the march. Father Fourcarde exhorts the suffering to pray with arder sufficient to reach heaven.
Chapter III.—Pierre, a pury to conflicting emotions, is oversome with repugnance and returns from the hely ped, He meets Ir. Chassaigne, hitherto an untellever, and derives consolation from the dector's belief in the miraculous waters. Futile attempt to raise the dead to life.

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Chassaigne was waiting for Pierre in front of the Bureau of Certifications. But again he found a solid mass of people, stopping the invalids who entered, questioning and talking to them as they came out, whenever the news of a fresh miracle was spread, such as a blind man restored to sight, a deaf man who heard once more or a paralytic who was able to use his limbs.

Pierre had great difficulty in pushing by the rabble "Well," he asked the doctor, "are we

see a miracle-a real incontestable one?" The doctor smiled. His recently restored faith had made him indulgent:

"Ah, abbe! a miracle is not made to order -God intervenes only when it pleases Him." The door was closely guarded by two inmates of the hospitality. But they were acquainted with the doctor, and with a respectful salutation allowed him to enter with his companion. The bureau where all the verifications were attested was wretchedly situated in a miserable wooden house, with but two rooms, a narrow antechamber and an insufficiently large apartment for general purposes. It was a mooted plan to improve this branch of the work by placing it in larger quarters next year, under one of the arches of the ramparts of Rosary, that In fact was already being arranged for that purpose.

In the antechamber, that contained only a wooden seat, Pierre noticed two invalids sitting, waiting for their turn, in the charge of two of the associates. But he was surprised on entering the large room to find what s number of persons were crowded there, while the sufficiating heat caused by the thin board walls, overheated by the sun, was burn-ing hot. It was a square room, perfectly bare, painted a light yellow, with but one window, the glass of which was whitewashed to prevent the pushing crowd outside from looking into the office. They did not even dare to raise the window to get some fresh air, for instantly a lot of curious heads were poked in. The furniture was most meager two pine tables of different height placed end to end had not even a cover; a kind of great cupboard stuffed with untidy looking papers, portfolios, registers and pamphiets and about thirty cane bottomed chairs and two old armchairs for the invalids filled the

Dr. Bonamy at once greeted Dr. Chassaigns with great cordiality, for the latter was re-garded as one of the latest and most glorious victories of the Grotto. He placed a chair and also asked Pierre to sit down, recognizing his cloth. Then with an intensely polite manner, he said, "Will you permit me to continue, my dear confrere? We were just in the midst of examining this young lady."

The woman in question was deaf, a peasant about 20 years old, who was seated in one of the armchairs. Instead of listening, as he was very tired, and his head was fairly buzzing, Pierre amused himself by looking about and trying to find out how many officlain there were in the room. There might be nearly fifty, for many were standing with their backs against the wall. There were five in front of the tables, the chief of the service of the pools in the middle, continually consulting an enormous register; a Father of the Assumptionists, and three young men from the seminary, who acted as secretaries, were writing, looking over the papers and classing them after each examina-tion. Pierre interested himself specially in one of the Fathers of the Immaculate Con ception, Father Dargotes, the editor-in-chief of the journal of the Grotte, who had been pointed out to him that morning. He had a small, thin face, with sharp eyes, pointed nose and a finely drawn mouth, that never ceased smiling. He was seated modestly at the end of the lower of the two tables, taking notes for his newspaper. Of the entire com-munity he alone appeared during the three days of the national pligrimage. But behind him, like some concentrated, yet hidden force, organizing all and supervising all might be felt the strength of the order to

which he belonged. Besides these persons the other occupants of the room consisted merely of the curious, the witnesses, about twenty doctors and several priests. The doctors had come from several priests. The doctors had come from all parts of the country and maintained almost an absolute silence. Some few attempted to ask questions, and occasionally exchanged side glances among themselves, but seemed more anxious to watch one another than to verify the facts submitted to them for examination. Who were they? Names were given that were utterly unknown. But one had caused any structual of a celebrated doctor in a Catholic university.

That day Dr. Bonamy, who did not sit down at all while he conducted the meet-ing, questioned the invalids, gave all his aterowd, lashed on by canticles, made in patient by the exasperated need for bless ngs, more and more unnerved by the long

But a young girl had just come in, modes and smiling, with bright eyes shining with intelligence. "Ah," cried the doctor, joy-fully, here is our little friend Sophie. A remarkable cure, gentlemen, that was effected just at this time last year, and o which I beg to show the gratifying re

Pierre had recognized Sophie Coutenu, the Pierre had recognized Sophie Couteau, the miraculously healed, who had got in the compartment at Politica. And he once more assisted at a repetition of the scene that had already been played before him. Now Dr. Ronamy gave the most minute details to the Hitle blonde man, who listened attentively: a caries of the bone of the left heel, a beginning of necroses that neces-sitated amputation, an awful sore that sup-purated, all cured in a moment at the first immersion in the pool. "Sophie, tell this gentleman about it."

The little girl made her graceful gesture that commanded attention:

"After my foot became useless I could not even go to church, and I was obliged to keep it constantly wrapped in rags, because things ran out that were not nice. M. Ri-voire, the doctor, who had made an incision to look in, said he would have to remove a piece of the bone, which would have made me lame. So, after praying hard to the Holy Virgin., I went and soaked my foot in the water, with such a desire to be cured that I did not even take time to remove the rag. It all remained in the waterthere was nothing left on my foot when I

Dr. Bonamy followed every word with an approving nod of his head.
"And, Sophie, repeat the words of your

"At home, when M. Rivoire saw my foot he said: "No matter whether it is God or the devil who has cured this child it is all

she was cured, what a victory for the grotto, thus to cure a case of lupus. The miracle would have been undenlable.

Until now Dr. Chassaigne had remained apart, silent and still, as though he wished to watch the effect of all this upon Pierre. Suddenly he leaned forward and said to him n an undertone:

tleman does not seem to know that today many of our learned men consider these ex-terior seres to be of nervous origin. Yes, it has been discovered that there exists simply a poor nutrition of the skin. These questions regarding nutrition are as yet but little un-ferstood, and they attempt to prove that faith can railically cure such sores, among others certain varieties of lupus! I ask what amount of certains he would attain, this man with his famble ward for exterior sores. A little more confusion and greater interest in the eternal dispute. No, no; science is vain; it is, indeed, a very sea of uncer

He smiled sadly while Dr. Bonamy recom mended that Elize Rouquet should continue the lotion and return each day to be exam-ined. Then, with his affable and prudent manner, be repeatede

manner, he repeated:

"At last, gentlemen, there is a beginning.
There is nothing Heibtful in this case."

Now the bureau was quite upset. Like a whirtwind La Crivotte came rushing in, dancing about and crying in a loud voice,

"I am cured! I am cured!"

She then told how they could not bathe he at first; that shill had insisted, supplicated and sobbed before they decided to do it. after receiving the formal permission from Father Fourcade, And she had been right. She had not been in the cold water three minutes, though she had been sweating and coughing, before she felt her strength returning, as if lashes from a whip were tingling all over her body. She was in an exalted state, agitated, excited and radiant, unable to keep quiet. "I am cured, my good gentlemen, I am

Plerre looked at her, completely dumbfounded. Was this the same girl who the night before he had seen prostrated on th splitting blood, with a terror in her face He could not recognize her-straight, active her cheeks flaming, her eyes sparkling with

all the joys and desires that life had given "Gentlemen," declared Dr. Bonamy, "this

"I AM CURED." SHE CRIED

same to me. The fact remains that she is cured. They all laughed, the effect of the saying was always certain. "And, Sophie, tell what you said to the

untess, the directress of your ward.
"Oh, yes. I had not taken many cloths for my foot, and I said to her: "The Holy Virgin is very kind to cure me the first day, or by tomorrow my store would have been

Fresh laughter was heard, a general satis faction to find her so sweet, even if she had told her story so often that she knew it all by heart, but it was told in a touching manner and with the appearance of truth:
"Sophie, take off your boot and show your foot to this gentleman. Every one must touch it in order that there may be no doubt."

The little foot was quickly shown, ver white, very clean, even well cared for, wit the scar under the ankle, a long scar, whos white edges bore testimony of the gravit of the ill. Several of the doctors who drev near looked at it without speaking. Others who had no doubt already made up their minds, did not even move. One of the latter asked with a very polite air why, when the Holy Virgin was about it, she had not made an entirely new foot, as it would not have cost her any more. But to this Dr. Bonamy replied that if the Holy Virgin had chosen to leave a scar it was to show by the existence of some palpable trace that the miracle had really been accomplished. He entered further into tech nical detals, demonstrating that a piec of bone and skin had been supplied instan taneously, which was of course inexplicable by natural means. "Good God!" interrupted the little blond man, "there is no need of so many things. If I saw but a finger cut by a penkulfe that has come out of the water healed, the miracle will be equally great, and I should bow before it."

Then he added:

"If I possessed a spring that healed thus ill wounds I should startle the whole world do not know just how I should do it, but should call upon all nations, and the nations would come. I should verify the miracles so exactly that I should become master of the whole world. Think of such an extraordinary power, almost divine! But no doubt could be permitted. There must needs be a truth about it all as clear as unlight. The whole world would see and

He discussed his ideas of executive trol with the doctor. Having agreed that all the invalids could not be examined upon their arrival, he went on to ask why there should not be a special ward established in the hospital for exterior sores. There would be at the most thirty subjects, who would be submitted to a reclining the content of the would be submitted to a preliminary exami-nation by a commission. Official reports would then be prepared, and the sores might even be photographed. Then, if they were cured, it only remained for the commission to certify to that effect in a fresh official report. In this way there would arise no questions of internal diseases, about which

there always existed a difficuly in diagnos-ing. The evidence would be plain. Somewhat embarrassed, Dr. Bonamy said "Of course, of course, we only ask for en-lightenment. The difficulty would be to get such a commission. If you know how little any of these agree. However, it is certainly new idea.

He was relieved by the arrival of a fresh ase. White little Sophie Couteau was putting on her shoe and stocking, already for-gotten. Elise Rouquet, with her bideous face, appeared, and took off her scarf. She re-lated that since early morning she had been pathing her face with a rag at the fountain and it seemed to her that her more, so reand flery looking, had already commenced to dry up and get less red. It was true, and Pierre, much surprised, noticed that it did look far less horrible. This caused a fresh sems to me to be a most interesting case

He asked for La Grivotte's papers. But hey could not be found among the heaps of locuments that littered the two tables. The secretaries, the young men from the seminary, turned everything upside down, and the chief of the service of the pools was obliged to get up himself and look in the bookcase. Finally, when he had reseated bookcase. Finally, when he had reseated himself, he discovered the paper under the large register that lay open before him. He found it contained three medical certificates, which he read aloud. All three gave the case as one of advanced consumption more specially complicated by nervous ante edents

to say that such a record left absolutely no doubt. Then, for a long while, he sounded the invalid's lungs. He murmured:
"I can hear nothing. I hear nothing." He added:

At first no one moved. Then one ventured to come forward. He, too, sounded her lungs, but said nothing, shaking his head anxiously. Finally he stammered that for his part he must remain in abeyance. At once his place was filled by another, and this was much more categorical. He heard nothing and said that the woman had never been consumptive. Still, others had never been consumptive. Still others followed; all ended by coming, save five or six, who maintained a quiet attitude, smil ing slyly. Confusion reigned as each gave his opinion that differed from the next, and at last there was such a hubbub that one could not distinguish what was said. Father Dargeles alone preserved his calm and absolute serenity, for he had discovered one of those cases that interested all and are the glory of Our Lady of Lourdes. He was already taking his notes at a corner of the table. Somewhat apart, Pierre and Dr Chassaigne were able to talk, and on count of the noise were not overheard.

present mania and craze for antiseptic pre cautions receives a fearful blow from such a sight! How does it happen that one masty disease does not kill all the invalids? a sight! Adversaries of the microbian theory ndeed laugh. The doctor stopped him:

"No, no, my child; even if the baths are There are no cases of cholera, nor typhus nor varioloid, nor scarlet fever, nor measles. We only find certain organic troubles named are not transmissable through the water in the baths. The old sores that are soaked in them are not to be feared and offer no risk of contagion. On this point, assure you, there is no need for the Holy Virgin to interfere."

"Then, doctor, formerly in your practic would you have susked all your cases in iced water-woman in all her periods, cases of rheumatism, hears troubles and consump-

this girl had been verified that morning, and so stupid and cruel. Ah' what we do not know! It is what we do not know! He once more began to rave in his anger, his hatred of science, that he now dis-trusted ever since he had been left distracted and powerloss to ald the agony of his wife and daughter.

"You ask for certainty. Surely medicine will not be able to give it to you. Listen to these gentlemen for an instant and you will be edited! Is it not splended, their perfect confusion, in which every opinion is given? Of course there are diseases that are thereaphly understood, down to the smallest phase of this evolution. There are remedies where effects have been studied with most scrupulous care, but what is not known or can be known is the relation of the remedy to the disease, for every invalid constitutes a disease, and can time must ensue fresh experiences. That is why the gractice of medicine is an art, because one on never establish a settled rule; curing always depends on chance or some luck cir-cumstance found by the genius of the physi-cian. So when these people all come here to discuss it makes me laugh when they talk about the absolute laws of science. Where are such laws to be found in medine? Let them show them to me." He did not intend to say more, but was

overcome by his feelings;
"I told you that I now believed. But I can easily understand that our good friend, Dr. Bonsmy, is not at all aroused, and that he invites physicians from all over the world hers to study these miracles. The greate the number of dectors the less will truth by proven in the midst of the battle of diag sea and the methods for their treatment If they cannot agree about an exterior sore they will never do so regarding any internathe existence of which one will deny, while the other will positively affirm it to be there. So why should not the whole thing be a miracle? For whether in the end nature acts or some unknown power, the doctors themselves are often much surprised o see a result that they barely predicted Things certainly are very badly managed here. Certificates from unknown doctors do not amount to much. There should be a strict supervision over such documents. even if you permit absolute scientific regu-lations, you would be very stupid, my dear child, if you imagined that a thorough con-viction would exist in all minds. The fault s in man, and there is no more undertaking than to establish as a fact the very least of truisms."

Pierre began now to comprehend what this all meant—all that was taking place at Lourdes this extraordinary spectacle at which the world had assisted for years, amid the devoted adoration of some and the mock ing laughter of others. Certainly, the whole matter was very badly understood—almost ignored; but a hidden force moved it on-first the suggestion, then the perturbation of anticipation, the fascination of the journey the prayers and the hymns, a growing exul tation and finally the healing breath, the unknown power that separated itself from the masses in a marked crisis of faith. He even fancied it rather stupid not to believe in these frauds. The facts themselves were very great, but at the same time far more simple. It was not necessary for the fathers of the grotto to condescend to lie—they must only needs add to the confusion to utilize the universal ignorance. They might even confess that all was done in good faith—the unknown doctors who gave the certificates, the comforted invalids who fancied them selves cured and the enthusiastic witnesses who vowed they had seen. After all this, i was cyldently impossible to prove whether there had or had not been a miracle. From that moment did not the miracle become an actual fact to the larger number for a those who suffered and for those who had need for hope?

Seeing they were talking somewhat apart from the others, Dr. Bonamy approached, and Pierre dared to ask him: about what proportion are the cures effected?

"About 10 per cent," he answered. Then seeing that the young priest had nothing to say in rebuttal, he added with good nature: "Oh, we should easily obtain a larger per-centage; they would all say they were cured if we would listen. But I must confess that I am here to rather superintend these mira-cles. My only unction is to suppress too much zeal and not to allow saintly things o be ridiculed. In fact, my bureau is an office to approve when the recorded cures seem conclusive." Here he was interrupted by low mutterings. It was Raboln, who was enraged "Recorded cu orded cures, what do they amount to? The miracle goes on forever. To those who be-lieve what is the use of verifying? They need only bow and believe. To those who do not believe what good does it do them? They will never be convinced. It is simply stupid what they are doing here."

Dr. Bonamy ordered him to stop talking "Raboin, you are a robel, I shall tell Father Capdetarthe that I no longer want you here if you sow such seeds of disobedi-

did show his teeth always ready to bite when his faith was assalled. Pierre looked at him sympathetically. All this task in the bureau of verifications, so badly done at best, wandeed useless; wounding to the real be lievers, insufficient to those who doubted was the miracle ever proven? It must be credited. Nothing could be understood the moment God intervened. In all the centuries of absolute belief science had never been able to explain the existence of God. What was science doing now? It merely swallowed up faith, but decreased itself. No. no; down on your knees, kiss the ground and believe! or else go away. There was no possible compromise. The moment an examination began there was no stopping, there could be but a fatal end to doubt.

Pierre was greatly perturbed by the ex-traordinary bits of conversation he heard about him. Believers were talking about miracles with the greatest familiarity and unheard of tranquillity. The most stu-pendous facts merely filled them with screnity. Another and still another miracle and they related the imaginations of the evil one with a smile, without even the slightest protestation of their own reason. They evidently lived in the midst of such visionary fever that nothing surprised them And it was not only simple souls, childlike illiterate or hallucinated brains, like that of Raboin, but there were also clear people with cultivated minds—students, Dr. Bonamy and others. It was incredible. And Pierre felt his own uneasiness increase, a dull augur that must end by breaking out. His brain was working like that of some poor wretch who has been thrown into the water, who seems to feel the waves from all around cover and strangle him, and he thought that minds such as that of Dr. Chassaigne, who have sunk under a blind belief, must first have struggled through such an unrest and battle before the final shipwreck came. He looked at him, and saw him infinitely sad, struck down by destiny, like a feeble child, who cries, henceforth alone in the world. Yet he could not restrain the cry of

"No, no; if one may not know all, ever if one may never attain it, that is to argument to cease learning. It is not right that the unknown should feed on debility and ig-norance. On the contrary, it should be our eternal hope that one day these things will be explained, and we should have but one ideal—that of marching forward to the unwhole being dies also! Content to relinquish all happiness, I have but the ardent wish to

Tears were forming in Dr. Chassaigne's eyes. He was doubtless thinking about his dear dead ones. He murmured presently: "Reason, reason; yes, it certainly is a source of great pride, the dignity of living.

ters the name of Marie de Guersaint. He opened it and read the certificates of the 'wo doctors, who had come to the conclusion that she suffered from a paralysis of the marrows. He continued

miracle like a clap of thunder upon awaken- ! ing, an exuitation of the entire being, and he felt his misgivings increase, so simply said: "Indeed I should be happy. And you are right; it is only necessary to wish for happiness in all the turnoff of this world."

Out he could no longer remain there. The down his face. Dr. Bonamy was dictating to one of the men from the seminary the result of the examination of La Grivotte, while Father Dargeles, overlooking the writer, sometimes whispered in his car to ask him to medify some phrase. Otherwise the tumult still kept on around them. The discussion among the doctors had turned row upon technical points, of interest cals in the special case under contemplation. It was impossible to breaths between these widen walls, and a nausea turned both stomachs and brains. The little blonds man, the influand brains. The little blonds man, the indu-ential writer from Paris, had been chiesed to go away, disgnisted not to have sen a real miracle. Pierre said to Dr. Chaswaigne: 'Let us get out of here. I feel ill.' They went out at the same time as La Grivotte, who was being excused. At once, at the very door, they fell into a perfect

wave of people, pushing, crushing one another to see the miraculously cured woman. News of the miracle had already got about and every one burried to gaze at the elec-one, to question her, to touch her. An she, with her crimson cheeks and flaming eyes, could only repeat, with her triumphant air, "I am cured! I am cured!"

Cries drowned her voice and she was overwhelmed in the clamor of the rabble. For an instant she was lost to view as though she had gone under; then she suddenly re-appeared close to Pierre and the doctor appeared close to Pierre and the doctor, who were trying to escape. They had just met the commandant, one of whose manias was to go down to the pools and to the grotto to get provoked. Tightly buttoned in his frock coat, like a soldier, he was still leaning on his stick with its silver knob, dragging his left leg slightly, that had been stiffened by a second stroke of paralysis. His face reddened, his eyes lazhed with anger when La Grivotte pushed him to pass by, repeating in the midst of the enthusiasm of the mobbing crowd:-I am cured! I am cured!"

"Well," he cried, seized with sudden anger, "so much the worse for you my oung woman.

They exclaimed and began to laugh, ie was well known and his mania for death was pardoned. But when he stammered confused words, saying it was a shame to want to live when one had neither beauty nor fortune, and that this girl should have preferred to die rather than to suffer again people around him commenced to scold, and Abbe Judaine, who was passing, tried to stop him. He took him aside. "Do be silent, my friend. It is scanda-

lous! Why do you thus rave against the greatness of God, who grants favors by sometimes helping our sufferers? You ought to fall on your own knees, I tell you, and your leg, to allow you to live ten years

Then he nearly strangled. "Who, I ask, for ten years of life, when the best day of my life will be the one on which I go? To be as mean, as low as these thousands of invalids that I see here these thousands of invaling that I see here in rows, in mortal terror of death, bemoaning their weakness, the unavowed possion for living? Ah, no, I should be ashamed. May I die, and that at once. It would be good no longer to exist."

good no longer to exist."

Finding himself near Dr. Chassaigne, Pierre, who had finally got clear of the crowd of pilgrims on the edge of the Gave, addressed the doctor, whom he often met: "Did they not attempt to resuscitate a man a short time ago? They told me about is and I nearly died! Hein doctor, do you is and I nearly died! Hein doctor, do you understand? A man who had already the happiness to be dead. They put him into their water with the criminal hope that he

would revive. If they had succeeded, if would revive. If they had succeeded, if their water had revived the man, for one is never sure in this queer world, do you not think the wretch had the right to splt his anger in their faces, these menders of corpses? Did the dead man asked them to wake him? How did they know he was not content to be dead? Generally people are at least consulted! You will never see them playing this direct trick on me when them playing this dirty trick on me when I finally sleep the great slumber.

"On! I should receive them well! Meddle with your own concerns and I should instantly die again."

He was so strange in his manner that Abbe Judaine and the doctor could not help laughing. But Pierre remained grave, frozen stiff by the shiver he felt. Were not these the imprecations that might have been uttered by a despairing Lazarus? He had often imagined that Lazarus, on coming out of the grave, had said to Jesus:

"Oh, Savior, why hast Thou waked me again to this abominable life? I slept so well in an elemnal slumber; dreamless I fasted at last so great a repose in the delights of ob-livion. I have known all the misery, all the sorrows, the treachery, false hopes, defeats and illnesses; I have paid by suffering my fearful debt of life, for I was born not knowing wherefore, I lived without knowing how. and now, Savior, Thou condemnest me to pay double. Thou forcest me to once more work out my sentence. Have I committed some inexplable fault, that I am thus punished by such a cruel task? To live again! Alas, to feel each day that flesh is but mortal, to have no intelligence but for doubt, no will but to be impotent, no tenderness save to weep for my pains! And it was all over. I had taken the terrifying step of death—that horrible in-stant that is enough to poison the whole ex-istence. I have felt the sweat of agony, the blood recede from my members, my breath go out in one last gasp. All this distress. Thou desirest that I should know for a second time, for I must die again, so my misery is greater than that of all other men. Oh. Savior, let it be at once. Yes, I beseech Thee, perform again, that other great mirrole that perform again that other great miracle that I may again lie in my tomb and sleep without suffering in my eternal uninterrupted slumber. Mercifully grant that I may not be tormented by living to that fearful torture that Thou hast not condemned any other be ing. I have always loved and served Thee, Make not of me the greatest example of Thine anger, to shock all generations. He gracious and merciful, Oh, Lord. Restore me to that slumber I have earned; give me again the delights of oblivion.

Abbe Judaine had taken the commandant off with him, having calmed him; and Pierre, remembering it was 5 o'clock and that Marle must be waiting for him, shook hands with Dr. Chassaigne. As he was finally going back to the grotto he met another pair of friends, M. de Guersaint talking with Abbe des Hermoises. The former had just left his room at the hotel, greatly refreshed by his long nap. They were both admiring the extraordinary beauty that exaltation and faith gave to some of the women's faces, and they were also talking about their projected excursion to the ranges

of Gavarole.

As soon as M. de Guersalnt heard that Marie had taken her first bath with no result, M. de Guersaint followed Pierre. They found the young girl in the same and stupor, with her eyes fixed on the floly Virgin, who had not listened to her. She did not answer the loving words her father spoke, but only looked with great piteous eyes at him, then back to the marble statue, white in the rays of the wax candles, while Pierre, standing by, waited to take her to the hospital. M. de Guersaint knott down devoutly. He prayed first with great fervor for the healing of his child, then he prayed for himself the grace to find some sleeping partner who would give him the necessary million to continue his studies regarding the direction of balloons.

Palace Office Building

ABSOLUTELY FIRE PROOF.

NOT A DARK

IN THE BUILDING



INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHTS

PERFECT VENTILATION

NIGHT AND DAY

UNION TELEGRAPH

THE BEE BUILDING. 68 VAULTS. DIRECTORY OF OCCUPANTS.

BASEMENT FLOOR. REED JOB PRINTING COMPANY, STEPHEN A. CROWE, Buffet, R. E. CAMPBELL, Court Rotunda, Cigars FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY, Mortgage WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, Remington Typewriters and Supplies.

OREST LAWN CEMETERY ASSOCIA-ASSOCIATION, G. M. Nattinger, Secre-MUTUAL LOAN AND BUILDING ASSO

WALTER EMMONS, Barber Shop, OMAHA REAL ESTATE AND TRUST COMPANY. W. N. NASON, Agent Union Life Insurance Company. FIRST FLOOR. BEE BUSINESS OFFICE.

AMERICAN WATER WORKS COMPANY. P. F. EKENBERG, Fresco Painter. SUPERINTENDENT BEE BUILDING. SECOND FLOOR.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
C. S. ELGUTTER, Law Office.
DR. CHARLES ROSEWATER.
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING
ROOMS.
L. W. SOULDE, Lower ROOMS, J. W. SQUIRE, Loans. GEORGE E. TURKINGTON, Attorney-at

R. W. PATRICK, Law Office.
UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE CO.
TRUST COMPANY.
DR. O. S. HOFFMAN.
M. R. TRAUERMAN. Attorney.
EQUITY COURT, Rooms No. 6 and 7.
E. W. SIMERAL, WM. SIMERAL, Law Offices.

Offices.
VIAVI COMPANY.
EQUITY COURT, Room No. 6
J. A. WAKEFIELD, Lumber.

FOURTH FLOOR. PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCI-DENT INSURANCE CO. W. A. WEBSTER, Real Estate, WEBSTER, HOWARD & CO., Fire In-

BURRICE.
HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.
J. L. BLACK, Civil Engineer.
G. W. SUES & CO., Solicitors of Patents,
STANDARD ACCIDENT INSUITANCE
CO. Percy B. Ford, Agent.
DR. GRANT CULLIMORE, Oculist and OMAHA COAL EXCHANGE.
MO. VALLEY LOAN & INVESTMENT

DR. C. V. CROOKS, Nerves, Stomach and Heart. DEXTER L. THOMAS, Real Estate FIFTH FLOOR.

ARMY HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE PLATTE.

BEE EDITORIAL ROOMS.
BEE COMPOSING ROOM.
C. F. BEINDORF, Architect.
U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
HAMILTON LOAN AND TRUST CO.
J. L. PODHAJSKY & CO., Architects.

MANUFACTURERS AND CONSUMERS ASSOCIATION. E. P. EVANS, PEOPLE'S INVESTMENT CO. ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS, Rev. W. F. Eastman, District Grand Councilor SEVENTH FLOOR.

HODGIN TAILORING CO.

HARTMAN & ROBBINS

READ & BECKET, Attorneys.

OFFICE. STEARNS FRUIT LAND CO. Y. W. CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

C. HARTMAN, Inspector Fire Insurance,

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE 80.

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, M. F. Robrer, Agent.
THE GRANT ASPHALT PAVING AND SLAGOLITHIC CO.
GEORGE S. SMITH, Justice of the Peace.
OMAHA LIFE ASSOCIATION.
PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMFANY, Philadelphia, W. H. Alexander,
General Agent.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

ENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING AND AS

HARRIS TITLE AND INDEMNITY CO.

FORT WAYNE ELECTRIC CO., E. T.

Pardee, Western Agent.
W. C. GOSS, Coal.
EDWARD L. MOONEY, Mortgages and

CHARLES L. THOMAS, Real Estate. E. T. PARDEE, Agent Ft. Wayne Electric

Supply Co. INDEPENDENT WORKMEN OF AMERICA. II. D. Easterly, Manager,

A. M. HOPKINS, Court Stenographer

WESTERN

CIETY.

FLOOR.

A few more elegant office rooms may be had by applying to R. W. Baker, Superintendent, office on counting room floor

RYA

MERCANTILE

PERFECTO THE MERCANTILE IS THE PAYORITE TEN CENT CIGAR. For sale by all First Class Dealers. Manufactured by the F. R. RICE MERCANTILE CIGAR CO.,

tention to the small blonds man, a writer of some talent, who was associated with one

grace and exaltation, when the Holy Virgin interceded for her elect. Up to this the cures that had been recorded were doubtful and without interest. Outside could be

heard the meaning, the greaning of the

to the man from Paris, such as were some-times to be found in the procession at the fourth hour, which was the special hour of topic for discussion on the subject of ex-terior scree, and the little blonde man re-literated his idea of establishing a special ward for them; in fact, if the condition of

Dr. Bonamy nodded his head, as though

"Or hardly anything. Then, turning to the twenty-five or thirty doctors who were there, speechless:
"Gentlemen, if any among you would kindly lend me their light on this subject, we are here to learn and discuss."

"Oh! those pools that I saw just now!" said the young priest. "Those pools where the water is so seldom changed! What filth! What a home for microbes! The

not clean they are not dangerous. The heat of the water never attains more than 16 degrees Reaumur, and it must be up t 20 to cultivate germs. Then, too, tagious diseases never come to Lo paralysis, acrofula, tumors, ulcers, abscesse cancers and constitution, and these lar

tives? Would you have bathed tha wretched girl, half dead and sweating?"
"Certainly not. There are certain heroi measures that, of course, one dares not to attempt. An joy bath might surely kill a consumptive, but do we know that under attempt. consumptive, but so, we know that under certain circumstances it might not also cure him? I who have finally admitted that something supernatural does exist here. I still am willing to concede that cures must be effected by natural means, thanks to the immersion in cold water that appears to us.

protestation that rose to his lips: known to acquire it, that slow victory over mind through the misery of our body and our intelligence. Ah! Reason, it is for thee I suffer, but it is from thee also that I re-ceive all my strength! When thou diest the satisfy thee more and more!

But there is also love, which is the all power-ful motive in life, the sole good to be acquired, and when it is lost..."

His value broke in a sob. As he mechanically turned over the papers before him on the table he found one that bore in carge let-

marrows. He continued:
"Look here, my cblld. I know that you have a great affection for Mile. de Guersaint. What would you say if she were cured here? I find certificates here, signed by ionorable names, and you know that paralysis of this nature is almost incurable. Well, if this

names, and you know that paralysis of this nature is almost incurable. Well, if this young person were suddenly to run and jump, as I have seen so many others do, would you not feel very happy? Would you not finally admit the intervention of some supernatural power?"

Pierre was about to answer, when he suddenly remembered the consultation with his cousin, Beauclair, who had predicted the

ROYAL ARCANUM LODGE ROOMS.

Factory No. 304, St. Louis, Mo.